

FAY BAINTER MAKES IMMEDIATE BROADWAY HIT
AND BECOMES MUSICAL COMEDY STAR AT ONCEIN THE
NEW
YORK
THEATRESFAY BAINTER, "OFFICER 666"
MADE PLAIN, COURT HOUSECLARA MORGAN, "OFFICER 666"
MADE PLAIN, COURT HOUSECLARA MORGAN, "OFFICER 666"
MADE PLAIN, COURT HOUSEAuthor of "Officer 666"
to Write a Musical Comedy
for Immediate Use.

NEW YORK, June 1.—New York has been handed its annual sensation in the discovery of a new actress. This time it is Fay Bainter, who was not entirely unknown to Gotham theatergoers, but who, in "Officer 666," revealed a display of versatility which was positively surprising to the oldest of the first nighters who saw the premiere of this play at the George M. Cohan theater last week.

Miss Bainter, a production of the western story, was introduced to New York as a singing and dancing star who will take a second place for no one, not even for the famous, who have appeared in New York for many seasons. She has grace, dignity, distinction and authority. Her singing voice is not remarkable, but her manner of singing is highly pleasing and will take her very far along the musical comedy route.

The "Officer 666" depicts somewhat from musical comedy in that it has rather a coherent plot. At the start, it depicts a bit with the first appearance of Miss Bainter, who is seen in a Italian disguise, visiting New York. It starts to go with snap and vim.

A young American rover at Trieste enters upon the stage as a burglar. She supposed that he was a burglar, but as a matter of fact he was attempting to secure from some titled gamblers who he had discovered cheating at cards. In terror, the duchess offered the supposed burglar her jewels but he contents himself with stealing a kiss, and as seen as the way is clear, he leaves her apartment.

Press Agent Assistants. When the duchess comes to America and is seen as a guest of a family of New York, who, in their attempt to secure the social ladder have employed a press agent. This enterprising newspaper man hears the story of the supposed burglar in Trieste who stole a kiss from the duchess, and he plots a similar adventure to be enacted in New York. Finding a friend who is down in luck, the press agent convinces him to be the burglar and demand a kiss from the duchess in lieu of the court jewels. In carrying out this adventure, the second burglar brings about a situation in which the duchess meets the hero of the criminal adventure, and from this meeting a very pretty love affair is worked out.

Amend Kallman was cast for the role of the burglar. Bainter, and it must be admitted that he did not rise to his opportunity as a mere romantic actor might have done. Desmond May, the unlikely friend of the so-called press agent, who was compelled to request the stealing of a kiss, was extremely funny. Others in the cast were Cyril Chadwick, Grace Field, Janet Velle, Harry Clarke and Evelyn Gibbs.

Johnson Scores Again. At Johnson, bright particular star of the Winter Garden, has just come out victorious with a brush with his employers, the Foubert, and their gross ineptitude in arranging for a benefit performance at the Hippodrome for the National Vaudeville Artists. Edward G. Baurling obtained Mr. Johnson's promise to appear as one of the star features of the benefit bill. The forthcoming appearance was duly advertised, whereupon the Fouberts were worded out to all New York newspapers that Johnson would not appear and that he had been made away by the announcement of his name. Johnson rises to protest against the unauthorized use of his name, stating the Shubert bulletin. Mr. Johnson has all he can do to give 18 performances a week with extra one Saturday night for the police department, making three performances to Mr. Johnson will not appear at the Hippodrome on Sunday night for the vaudeville artists' benefit, and the use of his name in this connection is entirely unauthorized.

When Johnson was reminded of his promise to Mr. Darling, he said he certainly did intend to go through with it, but he had to go through with it, the Fouberts to the contrary notwithstanding, and he was enough in the evening Johnson walked out on the stage of the Hippodrome and sang, "Hello, Central, Give Me the Man's Love." He made a great hit.

Writing Musical Comedy. Kenneth Macpherson hasn't been doing very much for several years except collect the royalties which have

been accruing as the result of his "Officer 666." Apparently the high cost of living has convinced Mr. Macpherson that it is up to him to go back to work, in spite of the fact that he made a substantial fortune out of his former farce comedy success. It is now announced that he is writing a book of musical comedy called "It's Up to You." Manuel Klein has written the music and the lyrics are by Edward Paulson. The story is based on a vaudeville sketch known as "Strictly Business," in which Mr. Macpherson and Edwin Karp turned the big time some seasons ago. "It's Up to You" has been accepted for production by one of the leading New York managers, but his identity and the date of the presentation are being kept secret for the time being.

Liberty Theater Program.

The Liberty theater circuit of the Army cantonments are now being favored by a tour of the first original theatrical productions to be sponsored by the war department commission on training camps. This is a comedy called "A Marriage Made in Heaven," which was written by Capt. H. H. Hughes of the army. It opened its tour of the cantonment theaters at Camp Lee, Va., and will go all around the circuit. Willard V. Coxey will be the manager of the piece and in the cast are James H. H. Hughes, Sylvia Thorne, Gretchen Yates, Edward Kummerow, Willis F. Swannum, George Buckner, Bruce Lawrence and Robert Reynolds. The play was staged under the direction of George H. H. Hughes.

Weber and Fields Close.

New York is not to see Weber and Fields reunited in "Back Again" until next autumn. After a few weeks on the road, the play closed in Philadelphia, but it was announced that the play would be revived in the fall and put on in one of the leading Broadway houses. The Daily States, who had prominent parts in the cast, have gone into the Century Grove show for the summer.

Adolph Klaber, former dramatic critic of The New York Times, has completed arrangements with Selwyn Selwyn to produce a new play, "The Great Field," as an independent producer, and also a number of plays in conjunction with that firm.

He announces that he will make several preliminary productions this summer of plays ultimately designed for New York houses. The first of these will be a comedy by Arnold Bennett, which is to be seen in July at the Belasco theater, Washington, preparatory to opening in New York in the fall.

Actors to Have a Theater. New York's theatrical profession has given its unqualified approval of the tentative plans suggested by the newly incorporated Actors and Authors theater. Not only did the 264 or 280 actors, actresses and authors present at the first public meeting in the Pulitzer theater endorse the plan, but the American Standard Film corporation offered the organization an option for the film rights to the first production.

Incidentally, it was explained at the meeting over which Mrs. Thomas A. Van Dusen presided, that two plays—one a three act comedy and the other a one act playlet—were now in rehearsal and would be offered to the public this month.

One of the first to endorse the plans was Henrietta Cromman, others who addressed the gathering were the audience included Walter Hampden, Alice Fischer, Lola Fisher, Grace Phillips, Carlotta Willson and Grace La Rue.

It was after Miss Cromman had endorsed the plan that the actor for the film right option was made by Edward Corbett, who explained he had attended the meeting as a person.

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

Daily Novelette

THE HOLE IN THE BATHING.

"ONLINE," said Mrs. Leonidas, "split, addressing her husband, who was reading his paper before the fire, 'there is a small hole in the seam of your new hat. How did that hole come there?'"

Leonidas, perceiving suspicion to her tone, cast aside the paper and spoke.

"Bulinka," he said, "I did not tell you about the hole in my hat, because I feared to alarm you unnecessarily, but now that you have seen it, I will relate all. Last night, as I came home from sitting up with the sick friend of whom I told you I heard a loud uproar coming from a dark alleyway. Dashing down the aisle I discovered three men pursuing a panting and terrified woman. She bumped against me. 'O, sir,' she moaned, 'have me! Save me from my fiends!'"

"My manly emotions which had been considerably aroused at the bedside of my poor sick friend, sprang into action. 'You say! I cried, 'my name is Salter. I will help you.'"

"Seizing her shawl, I draped it about my waist as a skirt, screamed loudly and staggered back to meet the woman, who disappeared and I made my way toward a hall of bullets. As I rounded the corner I dropped the shawl and mustered back to meet the ruffians. They recognized me not and so were deceived by strategy, while the woman, whom I never saw again, Bulinka—I hope you understand me there—was saved. But one of the bullets pierced the trim of my hat and you are now gazing at the hole."

"My hero," cried Bulinka Salter, and went to prepare the rock and try biscuits for supper. Leonidas settled down comfortably to his paper.

"Now, how much better," he murmured, "than to tell her that I burned that hole with a cigarette at the poker party last night!"

For sale by you on that day, together with her letters for the theater, promptly me to choose this means of contributing toward that excellent and worthy organization."

A bulletin from the Paris headquarters of the Y. M. C. A. tells of a further exploit of Miss Jauls in making her appearance before 250 soldiers on the canteen of a French locomotive. No darn it! Mother Jauls was not with her.

Miss Jauls is now on her second trip for the Y. M. C. A. covering areas in the central part of France and one of the port cities. One of the central camps is an important railroad center, which has a large laundry shop with a track running through the center of the building for its engine.

It was about the cowcatcher of a locomotive on this track that Miss Jauls made her entrance before the large throng of soldiers assembled there. Then she sang, danced, told stories and gave imitations.

People Demand Realism And Accuracy In Pictures

Day Is Past When Cheap
Sets Will Be Tolerated
for the Movies.

"To say that the moving picture industry has reached a point where the producers cannot satisfy the public with ordinary cheap attractions any more, express a bit mildly." This statement made by Robert H. Poole, of the Fox Film corporation, who is stopping at the Hotel Norte hotel, is in answer to the question asked him regarding the great expenditure of money made by companies today on their big productions.

"There has been tremendous development in the moving picture business in the last few years; nothing has kept pace with it unless it is aerial navigation. Possibilities of picture making are great and the people demand the best. Super-productions are wanted these days and it is fortunate for the people that they can get them, for where can the public get such historical ideas or entertainments with such a lavish, accurate setting of a big idea as in the pictures?"

A Tremendous Task. "One can readily imagine the great amount of work which attends the making of one of these super-productions. First of all must be considered the story. It must be one of great interest to the American public, one which will portray to them the real events and subject of the story."

Public Is Intelligent. "All producers realize that they must bring their photo dramas up to the standard demanded by a most intelligent public. With the increasing interest of the public in the photo drama, there has come also an increasing wisdom as to how this 'moving picture' marvel is accomplished. The public can easily tell now the difference between a poor picture and a good picture. Let a theater exhibit a poor picture and even before it is seen the public seems to sense its quality."

"So it is with a good picture production. Let it be known of its presentation and the people flock to see it. Thus it is, knowing these facts, the producers are endeavoring to steadily improve the moving picture industry. The smaller and poorer companies must give way to the big, consistent producer who has a thorough knowledge of the subjects the public demand."

Pictures Must Be Authentic. "Do you think, then, that the producers will eventually only make the big ten reel subjects?" Mr. Poole was asked.

"No, I do not mean that. But I do mean that they must make their five and six reel productions just as authentic, just as interesting and just as perfect, as is the ten or 12 reel super-production. Mr. Fox is now producing six or seven super-productions a year, besides his 10 or 20 other photo dramas."

After securing a cast that will be suitable for such a production—and Theda Bara is the 'Cleopatra' of the picture I am discussing—and a director capable of accomplishing big things, the manufacture of stage settings that will in every instance duplicate those of the period and the selection of locations that will faithfully portray the locale of the play, require much thought and effort."

Six Months to Build Scenery. "Over six months were required to prepare for this massive production. Costumes had to be made, stage settings had to be built; histories had to be searched to embody every accurate detail which history describes as having graced the court of Cleopatra. In addition to the decorative creations embracing the various periods in which Cleopatra reigned, there were used more than 5000 people to add color and life to the photo drama. These periods are the Roman, Egyptian, and the Greek, giving the director an opportunity to picture the various barbaric types prevalent in those times."

"How much did 'Cleopatra' cost?" Mr. Poole was asked.

"A little over \$400,000," he replied.

MAKING A DESERT SCENE.

"You see," further stated Mr. Poole, "to make a production of this size and quality the producer has to be prepared to spend an unlimited sum, as he does not know in the beginning just how much the picture will cost. The scenes are added, and details are arranged not at first thought of, and when the production is finally completed it usually costs \$100,000 more than was at first conceived."

Some Professional Secrets. Mr. Poole dropped a few secrets regarding the making of a big picture. While the most critical could not distinguish the fact, "Cleopatra" was "done" in or near Los Angeles. The Los Angeles river is the famous Nile, the palms and semi-tropical vegetation suit it to a nicety. The desert scene—the picture accompanying this article—gives a glimpse of one view, including the Sphinx and a pyramid—was taken in southern California, a few hundred miles from Los Angeles.

It was necessary to haul material and men to this desert several weeks in advance, to build the Sphinx and the pyramid. It took a train to carry the horses, chariots, actors, dressing tents, costumes and sleeping tents and camera men and directors to the scene. Cook tents and sleeping tents had to be set up and water had to be hauled in tank wagons from the railroad to supply the actors while the great desert scene was being made.

WOMEN IN THE WAR. Mr. Bertha Stuart, of Reed College, Portland, Ore., has gone to France to study the rehabilitation of wounded men and will probably assume charge of the women allies appointed by the war department to give remedial exercises to wounded men.

By NELL BRINKLEY

The World at Last
Sees "Lady's Day"

Copyright 1918, International News Service

HAIL, THE POLICE-WOMAN!



DREAMERS have dreamed in the hearts of great woods, and in the hurly-burly of the open city; and other folks passing by, hearing them crow over them, have said: "It'll never come true!" That's been since the first winking star and the first baby who looked up at it with round eyes. And one dream, a vision dream to Eve, wild fun for the little black scratching divil of a pea-pod belonging to the caravanserai, and "Tummy-man," one dream has been the police woman! And there have been ladders in the rear of the line of march who have stopped before the making of that dream also, and said: "No, that'll never come true—but EVERY!"

And lo! along with democracy, free education for babies, the right to speak your mind sometimes in the open streets without hearing "Snick! Off with her head—or his!" a world-war where badmen fight ten thousand feet above the cool earth-mother—where signally the men who love freedom and have tasted her sweet breath are struggling with the old, domed "divine and barbarous right of kings"—are laying down their lives in terrible heroism, in mire and blood, for the sake of a dream—a big dream—a fair idea; a world-war where five hundred thousand women and more have died, along with all this—along with the girl-farmer in her swanky smock and wrap-leggins, the girl who

conducts a car along Broadway, the yeoman (woman) in the navy, proudly wearing the coat too heavy for her fragile shoulders; the girl-ambulance man, her strong little figure round and feminine under the smooth olive-drab, a Glen-garry clutching her curls to stay on one corner of her head, along with all of the dream; that seemed, not such a mighty while ago, smoke that would fade and vanish quite, some the police-girl with white head around about her jacket! Wonder won't there be glad and happy cheap holding desperately to lamp posts, like an overboard man to a spar, in gay pretence, with the lee eye closed tight for the benefit of the good-by!—NELL BRINKLEY.